Providence, May 5, 1836.

My dear Wife:

I might, as a "lawyer," write with a more excited imagination — but could I be more prompt?

This certifies to you, that two absent husbands, to wit, George William Benson and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, arrived in this city fifteen minutes past 7 o'clock, which is an earlier hour, so the driver informs us, than the stage has arrived any time within six months. Have we not been fortunate? We had very few passengers — among the number, however, was a mother with three children, one of them an infant at the breast, journeying to visit some friends — all alone too! One of the children was quite unwell, and vomited somewhat freely, but the little babe behaved much better than little babies usually do, under such circumstances. Of course, one little babe, "mulling and pulling in its mother's arms," made me think of another little babe — my own — the sweetest, dearest, fairest, best, within a stone's throw of Friendship's Valley. This babe was not so pretty as ours, you know — or, rather, I know, or guess, or surmise.

Part of the way, I rode on the outside with brother George, and got thereby a tooth-ache which still troubles me, but camphor and cotton will probably soon effect a cure.— It was a very pleasant and refreshing ride, notwithstanding.

Tell bro. Henry I have just seen William Chace, who says he will write to Henry to-morrow.

Bro. George wishes to freight a part of this letter with love to Catharine and Anna in particular, and all the rest of the household in general.

In a few minutes, I shall walk up to sister Charlotte's with bro. G. to deliver my package of letters, and to ask for, and to give, information respecting family concerns.

Wm. Chace will go on to New-York with me to-morrow afternoon. We shall go in the Benj. Franklin.

Bro. Henry must be as merry as a bird, and he will then continue to grow fresh and blooming as the spring.

I have just called to see the Botanical Doctor, and told him of my catarrhal complaint in the head and nose. He said to me, confidently, as if he was sure of effecting a cure, — "Call to-morrow, and I will give you something that will do you good." So, if all be well, I shall call to-morrow as directed — having more willingness to try a new medicine, than faith in its efficacy. Still, it may do me "good," as predicted by this vendor of Nature's nostrums. It certainly will not, if I do not try it.

Many kisses upon the lips and cheeks of the peerless little George, and the beautiful little Anna, may be imprinted daily, and charged to my account.

Love, the kindest, tendrest, most abundant love to all the dear family. May Heaven bless and preserve you all!

In great haste, but with the strongest affection for you, my love, and hoping to hear from you or Henry, or both, at New-York, I remain,

Yours, ever,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

Mrs. Helen E. Garriton,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.